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1921



Poems and Stories

BY

JULIA A. HABERMAN



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REX BEACH
Ardsley-on-Hudson
New York

June 22nd, 1921.

Mr. Philip Haberman,
347 Madison Avenue
New York City.

Dear Mr. Haberman:

I was much interested in reading the poems and stories written by your daughter, which I am returning herewith. She seems to have a vivid and original imagination and I would suggest that you encourage her in every possible way to cultivate her taste for writing. The promise she shows at this time seems to me a strong indication of real literary talent.

With kindest regards, believe me,

Sincerely yours,

REX BEACH.

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P. W. HABERMAN

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no 1

VALENTINE.



ERE is a valentine for you
'Tis made of love and wishes true,
I made it just to hear you say,
"I'll be your valentine to-day."

THE BIRDS RETURN.



THROUGH every dreary winter's day,
No birds do I hear sing,
But all of them return to us,
When here returns the Spring.

And in the Morn when I awake,
The air with songs doth ring,
The birds bring happiness to me,
And every one in Spring.

THE FAIRY.



ONE night as I slept in my little bed,
The fairies came and danced 'round my head,
With gauzy wings like butterflies,
They flew away when the sun did rise.

When I was playing in the morn,
I heard a tiny silvery horn,
I felt the fairies would protect me,
From all harm there might be.

THE SHIP.



SAW a ship a sailing,
Upon a deep blue sea,
All laden with good things to eat,
Good things for you and me.

The masts were made of richest gold,
The sails of silk so fine,
The stern was made of sugar plums,
On it were sailors nine.

The oars were made of lollypops,
The steering wheel of fudge,
The booms were made of peppermint sticks,
And so they could not budge.

The sea was all of blueberry jam,
With goodies from bottom to top,
Although it seemed as big as could be,
It was but in a bakery shop.

SUNSET.



RED FEATHER stands by his wigwam door,
While up in the sky great eagles soar.

Each bird is fast asleep in his nest,
The golden sun setting in the West.

The sun has set and its colors are gone,
While gradually dark the day has grown.

The stars are out, hundreds of them,
Each brightly shining like a tiny gem.

The moon is out shining its best,
In place of the sun that set in the West.

THE WIND.



WIND clouds moving in the sky,
They shall pass o'er by and by.

First it rages, tears down trees,
Then there comes a gentle breeze.

All the trees you hear them groan,
On the ocean you see foam.

Oh wind you are so strong and bold,
Sometimes warm and sometimes cold .

FAIRYLAND OF DREAMS.



LIKE my dreams in the daytime,
I like my dreams in the night,
But I like my dreams the best of all,
When my nurse turns out the light.

Then a Fairy comes to me,
Takes me to Fairyland,
And there I go at once to sleep
Lullabied by a Fairy Band.

SNOWFLAKES.

I.



NOWFLAKES twirling from the clouds,
They shall melt, but not just now.

II.

Whirling and twirling like feather quills,
They fall upon trees and into rills.

III.

Falling from the clouds up afar,
Each in the shape of a six-pointed star.

January 31, 1921.

THE ADVENTURES OF A SNOWFLAKE



LITTLE Snowflake fell from the sky,
And this is what it said,
“I wonder what the Earth will give me
For a beautiful bed?”

The Earth a beautiful bed did give,
To the little Snowflake,
It helped her look so nice and white,
Just like a wedding cake.

A queer thing this little Snowflake did,
It soaked into the ground,
And helped to make a little brook,
Which joined Long Island Sound.

It flowed along with the great Sound,
Till it reached the ocean,
And then it joined a breaker large,
To help with every motion.

Into vapor the flake was changed.
Sun did this naughty trick,
It then became a small snow cloud.
And fell so fast and quick.

This same tale happened many times,
To the Snowflake so white,
It never finished its life quite,
No, never, never quite.

EMPEROR'S SONG.



SEE this branch of sweetest flowers
Plucked on the moon at midnight hours,
None like this our earth has seen,
'Twas given me by heaven's own queen.

Now to my home I must go,
To the earth world below.
To the earth world below.

MOTHER EARTH'S CARPETS



UNDER the green, green trees,
That is where fairies weave,
Mother Earth's carpet of
Dew, grass and leaves.

Here are the leaves,
Shining like new,
There's the green grass
Sparkling with dew.

Over the green, green trees,
That is where fairies weave
Mother Earth's sweet blue sky,
With many clouds floating by.

Here's a dark rain cloud,
Just hear the thunder so loud,
There's a sweet white one,
Covering the gold sun.

All these things help their way,
Without them none of us could stay
With Mother's Earth's green grass
And sky overhead.

WASHING.



WITH a scrub and a rub
Then my clothes are all done,
So I'll hang them out to dry in the sun.

I've washed them all,
In a clean white sud
And gotten off every speck of mud.

I'll run in the yard to hang them on the line,
And when they're dry,
They'll look very fine.

MARCH WINDS.

I.



ARCH winds across the country blow,
To spread the news that winter must go.

II.

They clear the sky of winter clouds,
And sing their song oh, shrill and loud.

III.

They blow over chimnies and church steeples,
Blowing down quite a few people.

IV.

They make the sky a lovely blue,
And the sea the same color too.

V.

The March winds are Spring's trumpeter,
Making the world ready for her.

April 16, 1921.

SPRING FLOWERS



'LL write a bit of each flower,
Its shape and where it came from
Its Color and its growing spots,
And the legend to each one.

I. THE SPRING BEAUTY.

The Sun, the Earth and the Moon had a quarrel,
Which lasted only an hour,
They both apologized to the Earth,
And decided to give her a flower.

The Moon gave some of its whitest moons,
The Sun its hottest fires,
It was the shape of a fairies' cup,
And the Earth of the flower ne'er tired.

II. THE VIOLET.

Violet was a water spright,
Who lived in shallow waters,
With all the other nymphs she'd fight,
But once the others caught her.

They changed her into a violet,
And she hid her face in shame,
For she knew even if she was changed back,
She would never be quite the same.

III. THE JONQUILL.

John, stories loved to write,
With his nice new quill,
But even when it became night,
He kept on writing still.

With his quill would he write stories,
On a certain beautiful hill,
But soon there was no John at all,
Just a pretty Johnquill

There are many more spring flowers,
But too numerous to write,
And I hope you'll see them all,
For they're a very pretty sight.

MAY.



MAY, the glorious month of cheer,
Gayest of months in the year,
For you make the leaves get green,
To make bright earth's fine scene.

May shall make the waters blue,
And make crystal all the dew,
May, you make the flowers bloom,
And butterflies come out of cocoons.

You make pretty white clouds appear,
Reflecting on the lakes so clear,
You also make the brook run along,
In echoes with Sir Robin's song.

OCTOBER.



OW the leaves rustle down,
To fall on earth's autumn gown.

Now the buttercup is gone,
And so are the bird's bright songs.

Awake Earth does not always keep
For soon she will be fast asleep.

HALLOWE'EN.



ALLOWE'EN is a glorious night,
When witches ride out on their brooms,
The moon shines very, very bright,
And nowhere is there gloom.

The black cat wanders round the house,
To try and catch some mice,
We would not eat such a thing,
But the Cat he thinks it nice.

We children dress up like spooks,
And frighten every one.
The cat would not like this at all,
But we think it great fun.

IT NEVER PAYS TO BE GREEDY.



ON a farm there once lived two turkeys. One turkey was very greedy and ate all the food and did not let the other turkey eat anything, so one got fat and the other got thin.

The day before Thanksgiving, the farmer came out with a gun. He said, "That one turkey is so thin that I will save him until another time. But that other turkey is so fat that I will shoot him now." Then the farmer shot the turkey and the last thought that the turkey thought was it never pays to be greedy.

THE LITTLE BIRD.



HERE was once a little bird that was very ugly. One day he was hunting for some food. He found a big fat bug. The little bird was going to eat it when the bug said, "Please do not eat me." "Why do you not want me to eat you," said the little bird.

She said to the bug, "I was once a beautiful fairy but a witch turned me into a bug. The witch said that only you alone could free me and now I am free."

"But I have done nothing to free you," said the little bird. "Oh yes, you have," said the bug. "You come here so seldom that the witch said that only you alone could free me thinking that you would not come here. Now that you have freed me I will resume my natural form." "I. O. E." said the bug and the bug disappeared and there was a beautiful fairy.

"Thank you," said the fairy. "As a reward I will give you three wishes." When in the wink of an eye, the fairy was gone.

One day as the little bird was walking through the woods he saw a hawk swoop down into a nest and bring up a baby bird. "I wish I was as strong as the hawk."

What the fairy said was true for the little bird became stronger than the hawk.

Once as the little bird was walking through the woods he saw how pretty the other birds were and how ugly he was. "I wish I was prettier than any other bird," said he and so he became prettier than any other bird.

Once the little bird was walking through the woods when he saw the king of the birds. "I wish I was the king of birds" said the little bird.

Swish! and the little bird was no longer stronger than the hawk nor prettier than the other birds and became a homely looking little bird like he was first.

THE KING OF BEASTS.



ONCE long ago in the African jungles, a little hare disobeyed the rules. Now there were a lot of lions in the jungles and each one thought that he was king of the beasts.

The first lion said, "How dare you disobey me, you have no right to tell the hare what he should do." "I am king of the beasts," said a second lion with a loud roar that made the earth tremble and all the animals got frightened and ran away. The lions quarrelled so much that they decided that they would have a meeting. So one day they met together to talk the matter over. Then the little hare stepped in front of all the lions and said, "Which one of you is the king of the beasts?" And one of the lions said, "I am." Then the one next to him said, "I am king of the beasts," and the other lion said, "No, I am king." And they started quarrelling and scratching each others faces. Then the next lion said, "I will put a stop to this quarrelling for I am king." "You are not," said another lion, "I am king of the beasts." "You are not," said another lion and it kept on. Now there were no lions there that were three or four or younger. The little hare did not know what to do so he said, "Who is the oldest lion" and each lion said, "I am," because none of the younger lions were there. Then the hare said, "Is there any lion here that is ten years old?" Then one of the lions said, "I am ten years old." Then the hare said, "Is there anyone here that is older than ten" and all the lions said "No." So no more was said about it and the king ruled well till the end of his days.

THE FOOLISH DWARFS.



In a wood there once lived some dwarfs. The wood in which the dwarfs lived was very dense. There was not a patch of sunshine anywhere but one spot. That was where the brook was.

One day as King Richard Rich was walking through the woods he heard the brook. King Richard Rich thought he would go and get a drink so he went to the brook.

As he was stooping down to drink the patch of sunshine caught his eye. Now the dwarfs did not like any sunshine. That is why they had chosen so dense a wood to live in.

"This will never do," said King Richard Rich. "I shall have to talk with my counselors because we do not want any sunshine." So he got his counselors together to talk it over. Then Jakey Jak said, "I know what we will do. We can cover it up with grass and flowers. That will cover up the spot where the sun is." So they went to the brook. They gathered a lot of flowers, grass and covered the spot up. Then they all looked at the spot to see if the sunshine was still there. They thought there would be no sunshine. But when they looked, there was the sunshine.

King Richard Rich was quite angry. He gave Jakey Jak a beating. Then the king talked with counselors again.

Walter Wooley said, "I know what we can do. We can dig up the sunshine." So they went to the patch of sunshine. Then they began to dig. When they had finished, they looked into the hole and there was the sunshine. King Richard Rich was very angry. He gave Walter Wooley a good beating. It was a harder beating than he had given Jakey Jak.

King Richard Rich got his counselors together again. Finally Franky Frank said, "I know what we can do. We can build a little shelter over the sunshine." "That is a good plan," said King Richard Rich. So they went to the place where the sunshine was. Then they started to make a little shelter. When the shelter was finished, King Richard Rich climbed up to the roof of the shelter. When King Richard Rich looked at the roof what was there but the patch of sunshine.

King Richard Rich was very angry. He gave Frankey Frank a very hard beating and sent him to bed. Then the King again

got his counselors together. They talked for a long time. Then Daniel Dan said, "I know what we can do." "What can we do?" asked King Richard Rich. "We can leave the patch of sunshine where it is for we can't change the sun." Then King Richard Rich said, "I think you are right." And so did all the other dwarfs.

So the dwarfs never tried to take the patch of sunshine away again.

CORAL, THE NYMPH OF THE SEA.

CHAPTER I.



IN the bottom of the sea, there once lived a king and his six daughters. The youngest daughter was named Seaweed. She had green eyes, the color of the sea. Her hair was also green. It looked like seaweed and that was why they called her Seaweed.

The second daughter was named Sungloss. Because her hair was the color of the sun and it had a lovely gloss to it. Her eyes were brown.

The third daughter was named Goldensand because her hair was golden and she loved to swim up to the surface of the ocean and lie down on the golden sands of the beach. Her eyes were a very light shade of blue. So light that they were not pretty but ugly. The fourth daughter was named Pearl. Because her skin was the color of a pearl. Her eyes were a deep brown and her hair was a pretty shade of brown.

The fifth daughter was named Seashell. Because her gown was woven of seashells. She had straight black hair and eyes about the same color. The oldest daughter's name was Coral. Because her cheeks were the color of pink coral and her skin was the color of white coral. Her hair was brown, just a nice color. Her eyes were blue. Not too light or too dark but just right. All the daughters were pretty of which Coral was the most beautiful.

CHAPTER II.

Up in the round tower that overlooked the sea, Prince Henry was sitting with his Grandmother. Once when she had been a girl she had visited the bottom of the sea. There she learned all of the secrets of the sea. She was telling him about sea nymphs. She said if a sea nymph ever fell in love with a mortal that she could never come back and if she did she would be put in a dungeon under the ocean.

"I would like to marry a pretty sea nymph," said Prince Henry. "What color are their hair and eyes?" "Some have green hair and green eyes. Some have golden hair and blue eyes. Some have brown eyes and brown hair," said the Grandmother. "But take heed, Henry and never let yourself fall in love with a sea

nymph, for it would be a shame to put such a beautiful fairy in a dungeon if she tried to go back to the bottom of the sea."

CHAPTER III.

One day Coral went up to the earth with her sisters. As they sat on the sand combing their hair with golden combs Coral saw Prince Henry walking on the beach. Prince Henry saw the nymphs. He said to himself, "Here is my chance to win the love of a sea nymph."

So very quietly he waked to where the nymphs were sitting. The sisters saw Prince Henry so they all swam away all except Coral. She saw how handsome he was, and did not take heed to her sisters calls to follow them.

Prince Henry walked up to Coral and said softly, "Oh, beautiful nymph, will you come to my palace and marry me?" Coral did not know what to say. She heard the voices of her sisters say no, that she should not marry the Prince and turning around to the sea she saw her sisters beckon to her.

But then she looked at the handsome Prince Henry and thought she would go with him. Then after she had been at the palace she was married to Prince Henry in great glory. Prince Henry's grandmother had told him not to.

CHAPTER IV.

For many months Coral and Henry lived in happiness. But Henry began to get tired of his beautiful wife. So he said to her, "Would you like to go back and visit your sisters and father?" Now Coral did not know that if she went back she would be put in a dungeon. So she said, "I would like to go back and see my father and sisters. I think I will go to-morrow." "I will have something ready for you to take to your father."

CHAPTER V.

Now Coral's father had told her that she must marry an ugly sea serpent. Coral did not want to marry this ugly serpent. Coral's father let the serpent have Coral under the condition that he should give him five rubies, five bloodstones and five emeralds.

You might think that was not as much as ought to be paid for the beautiful Coral. But in the sea jewels are very precious. For they can only be found on sunken ships. Now when Coral's father heard what Coral had done, he was very angry. Just then Coral came swimming down to them. In her hand she had a string and at the end of it was a chest that looked like it had a lot of jewels in it.

When Coral saw her father she swam up to him and said. "Oh father, I am so glad to see you again. I married a lovely Prince named Henry. Yesterday Henry said that he thought I would like to go and see my father. In three days I will go back to Henry." "My dear daughter," said he, "I am afraid you will never see him again."

CHAPTER VI.

"Why dear father shall I never see him again," said Coral. "I will tell you after you tell me what is in that chest." In that chest," said Coral, "is a present from Prince Henry. I will open it and see what he has sent you." The father and his five daughters stood around the chest while Coral opened it. When it was opened there was nothing in it except a letter. It said: "When I married you, I really did love you. But after a while I got tired of you. I knew that was the best way to get rid of you. I hope you may spend the rest of your life in a dungeon. Henry." Coral looked both shocked and surprised and said "Is that why you told me I should never see Prince Henry again?" "That is why," said Coral's father. "Oh father, I do not want to be put in a dungeon," said Coral. "Prince Henry was so handsome that I could not help falling in love with him. I did not know that if I once went to earth and married a mortal that if I came back I would be put in a dungeon. Oh father, do not send me to prison," she begged. "I do not like to send you to prison, Coral. But I must for it is a law of the sea," said Coral's father.

CHAPTER VII.

"Come Coral," said her father gently. "I must take you to a dungeon." Coral was led sobbing from her sisters holding her father's hand. They swam silently together until they came to a small coral house. This was the prison where Coral was to stay. You might think coral was not a very good thing to build a prison with. But the sea people did not have bricks to build houses with. Coral said good-bye to her father and went into the prison.

CHAPTER VIII.

Two weary and sad days Coral was in prison. She was very lonesome and longed to see her father and sisters. On the beginning of the third day her father came for her. He said, "I am going to take you to court to have a trial." When they got to the court (which was also made of coral) there were a lot of people there. There were Coral's five sisters, the sea serpent who Coral's father had wanted her to marry, and many of her friends.

Then Coral's father stood up in front of all the sea people and said: "I do not like to give my daughter a punishment, but I think it is just, because she fell in love with a mortal. Who thinks I am right?" All the people said they thought Coral's father was right. That is, except the sea serpent. "Is there not one person here that will help me?" said Coral. "I will help you," said the sea serpent. "I will speak for you and try to prove that you are not the one to blame." So he got up by Coral's father and said: "People of the sea, I do not think Coral is to blame. This mortal named Prince Henry is the one to blame for it. Coral and her sisters did not see Prince Henry until he was very near them. He was so handsome that Coral looked so hard that she did not hear her sisters' calls. Then she thought it would be something new to marry a mortal. She did not know that if she tried to go back home to her sea home she would be punished. She thought that if she married this Prince she would be able to go back and visit her father many times. Do any of you agree with me?" They all said they thought the serpent was right. So the serpent saved Coral. "I love you now, because you saved me from staying in prison all my life. I will marry you no matter how ugly you are."

Then there came a wonderful change on the serpent. He became a handsome sea Prince. He was more handsome than Prince Henry. "How do you happen to be a Prince," said Coral. "Just a minute ago you were a serpent." "Once a long time ago, I was like I am now, but a witch turned me into a serpent. The witch said that I only have my proper form if a sea nymph loved me. She did not think that a sea nymph would ever love me because I was so ugly," said the Prince.

"Now all of you come to my palace and I will be married right away." When they reached the palace the Prince and Coral were married and lived happily ever after.

THE JOURNEY TO THE GLASS CITY



IN a small town near the borders of fairy land, there once lived a widow and her son Jack. She worked as a seamstress and did not earn much money. Jack gathered kindling wood for the people of the town. Every night after their supper (which consisted of bread and milk) Jack and his mother went out on their little porch. Then Jack's mother would tell Jack fairy stories.

Once she told him about a beautiful Glass City at the end of the Rainbow. She said the color of the Rainbow shone down upon the Glass City and made it look red, violet, blue, green, yellow and orange.

CHAPTER II.

Shortly after Jack's mother died, Jack was very sad. He was now left alone with nobody to take care of him. He decided he would not stay where he was. He thought he would go to the Glass City at the end of the rainbow. That night the Sandman forgot to put sand in Jack's eyes. So Jack could not go to sleep. Finally he said to himself, "This is a good chance for me to get into Fairyland. The Glass City is in Fairyland. All the people in the town where Jack lived went to sleep early, because the Sandman came around very early. Then Jack heard a clank and he knew the gates of Fairyland had opened. They were never open in day time for two reasons. One was because the fairies sleep in the day time and secondly because mortals might venture in. The fairies did not like mortals to come where they lived.

Jack thought this would be a good time to get into Fairyland. Jack wanted to get to the Glass City at the end of the Rainbow. Jack jumped out of his bed and got dressed. He ran to the gates. Went in and hid in some bushes till morning.

CHAPTER III.

Jack did not sleep all night because he had no sand in his eyes. He heard a clank and knew that the gates of Fairyland were closing. Jack knew that the fairies were asleep.

Jack crept out of the bushes. He walked all day. At night he stayed in some bushes. The Sandman passed by. Some grains of sand blew out of the bag into Jack's eyes. So Jack slept. In the morning Jack woke up after the gates had closed. Jack washed his face in a brook. Then he found some berries and ate them. All of a sudden Jack came to a place which was all white.

The people were white. Then what did Jack see coming toward, then the form of his mother.

Then his mother said, "Jack, I am not your mother any more. You will live forever. You shall never die." "What land is this?" said Jack. "This is the land of the spirits," said Jack's mother. "Nearby," said Jack's mother, "is the sand box where the Sandman keeps his sand. Take this bag, fill it with sand. Then at night you can put some sand in your eyes. Then you will go to sleep. Now Jack, I must say good-bye to you now Jack." "Good-bye" said Jack and started on his way.

CHAPTER IV.

Jack filled a little bag that his mother had given him with some sand from the Sandman's box. He walked on the rest of the day. At evening he again crept in some bushes. He put some sand in his eyes and went to sleep. In the morning he awoke and looked around him. Jack looked where he had come from. He could barely see the White Country. Then he looked in front of him. As far as he could see there were miles of plain without any trees or bushes on them.

Jack started in the direction of the plain. After he had traveled twelve miles, he found that he was lost. He was hungry and thirsty. Jack put some berries in a small basket. Jack ate a few berries. Then he looked around for a spring or a well. He saw a well in back of him. There was a plate on the well. On it was inscribed, "Anyone who drinks of this well, whenever he is perplexed a voice will tell him what to do."

Jack did not see the plate. He drank some of the water. Then he sat down on a stone to think which direction he should go. A voice said, "Jack, follow that black ugly cloud in the sky. If you follow that cloud it will be all right. But if you follow that pretty white cloud, it will lead you to harm."

CHAPTER V.

Jack was startled at first. When he heard the voice, he looked around to see if any one was there. In looking, he saw the plate. He read what it said. Jack was glad he had drank the water. Jack walked on. He saw something. He could not tell what it was. It looked like a cloud of gossamer and dainty. As for color, it was every color in the Rainbow. As Jack approached it, it stopped suddenly. And in front of him was a beautiful fairy. Her shoes were violet with dew drops as buckles. Her hair was yellow. Her eyes were blue. Her dress was orange. Her dainty stockings were green. Her little cap was red. All her things were dainty, flowry net. Jack had never seen any-

thing so beautiful. He stood awed as if turned to stone. The fairy was the first to speak. She said: "My name is Prisma. I am a daughter of the Rainbow. What is your name?" "My name is Jack. I have neither father or mother. But pray tell me why you are in this place. This is no place for a fairy." "Well, you see," said Prisma, "our city is without a king. My father thought that he would send me and my sisters out on the Rainbow to find some one for a King. So we got on the Rainbow. The Rainbow landed here. We all got off it and hunted for a king. Then one of my sisters said that we had better get on the Rainbow before it lifted. All my sisters went back on the Rainbow but me. My sisters called me to get on the Rainbow but I thought the bow would not lift for a little while yet, so I kept on hunting for a king. Before I knew anything, the Rainbow had lifted and I was left alone. The City where I live is called the Glass City, because it is made of glass. The six colors of the Rainbow shine on the city making it very pretty. "I," said Jack, "am going to the Glass City so you may come with me if you want to. I know the way." "Oh thank you," said Prisma. "I do not know the way to the city and I want to get back there."

CHAPTER VI.

Jack and Prisma walked all day. At night they slept under the stars. A little before noon time, they came to a deep gulf. Neither Jack nor Prisma could think how to get across. Jack sat down and started to think very hard. Prisma was dancing. Then a voice said to Jack, "You see that big tree by the gulf? Well, you chop it down across the gulf. Then you can walk across it like a bridge. But when you chop down the tree you must not stop working for a minute till the tree has fallen across the gulf. If you rest a minute the cut in the tree will close up and you will have to begin your work all over again." Then Jack thought he had no ax. What could he do, for he could not cut down the tree without an ax. Immediately Jack found an ax beside him. Jack grabbed it and began to work with all his might. He worked so hard that he lost all his strength and had to rest. When he rested the cut in the tree closed together and Jack had to begin again. This time Jack did not work so hard. He was able to do it without stopping. In a little while the tree had fallen across the gulf and Jack and Prisma walked across it. They were still on the plain. Jack and Prisma slept again under the stars. That morning they awoke bright and early. They started walking. In a little while they came to a water fall. On the other side Jack and Prisma saw some pretty trees. They knew the great plain had ended.

Prisma was very happy at the thought that they would not have to travel any more on the plain. But Jack was not thinking of that. He was thinking how to get across the fall. Then a voice said, "You see those two big pea pods. Well one of you can each get into one pod. Then you will sail down the falls without getting hurt. For these are fairy boats. You see those pretty trees over on the other side of the falls? They have very tempting red apples on them. When you get over to that side of the water fall, do not eat any of them. If you do, you will become an apple tree. All the other apple trees are men who ate the apples. If you pass without eating any apples you will break the enchantments of the other trees and they will be men. Jack told Prisma that she should not eat any of the apples. He told her they were going across in a pea pod. Jack thought he would go first. He got in his pea pod and sailed away down the falls. When Jack got to the other side he looked at the apples. They were so beautiful and tempting that Jack could not help taking one. The minute he bit in the apple he became a tree.

Prisma watch Jack when he went across the fall. She was very sad when she saw Jack become a tree. Prisma said to herself, "I will go across the water fall. I shall not look at the apples. I will close my eyes when I pass them. So Prisma got in her pod and sailed down the falls. The minute the boat landed, Prisma closed her eyes. Then she walked boldly forward. All at once she heard a lot of voices. Looking around she saw a lot of young men. All the apple trees were gone. Among the young men she saw Jack. She was very glad to see him. All the young men thanked Prisma and said they would serve her all her life. They went with Jack and Prisma.

CHAPTER VII.

Jack, Prisma and the other young men walked on. A little before sunset, what should they see but the Glass City. In about fifteen minutes they entered the beautiful gates of the Glass City. The Rainbow and Prisma's sisters had been back a long time. They had not found any one for a king. When they saw Prisma had brought Jack, someone said, "Why not make this Jack that Prisma brought with her, king?" The person that had been told, told someone else and that person told someone else and it kept on till everyone in the Glass City knew it. Everyone thought it a good plan, so Jack was made king. Jack and all the young men were made fairies because they were mortals. Then Jack married Prisma. So she became queen. Jack made all the young men his soldiers. And they lived happily ever after.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

CHAPTER I.



HERE was once a king and queen who did not have any children and they were very unhappy. One day a little baby girl was born and this made the king and queen very happy. Now the day came when the baby was to be named. The king and queen gave a feast that day and all the fairies of the land were invited.

When it was time for the fairies to come, all of a sudden a beautiful chariot stopped at the castle door. Then a beautiful fairy stepped out of the chariot. This was the queen of the fairies. Very soon all the other fairies followed her.

CHAPTER II.

When the princess grew up she was very beautiful. One day her father said, "Why do you not marry some of these young men that love you so much?" "I will marry the one that can tell me the cleverest wish," she answered. At once the king sent word throughout the kingdom that the man who could tell the princess the cleverest wish could have her hand in marriage.

Now there were three brothers. Two were noblemen and the other one worked for them. The two older ones were named Bernard and William and the other one was named Michael. Now when the brothers heard what the princess had said they thought they would try to win her hand. They said they would take Michael with them to carry their things, then they started on their quest. By night they reached the forest and as they were now very hungry, Bernard and William set a trap for some game, then the brothers turned their backs on the trap.

CHAPTER III.

Bernard and William sent Michael for some wood. While the two brothers turned their backs a young deer got caught in the trap. Michael saw the deer and felt sorry for it so he set it free. The deer was very grateful and said to Michael, "You just say to the Princess, 'I wish all the wishes I wish would come true.'" Michael thanked the deer very much.

CHAPTER IV.

The next morning the brothers started on their way. By noon they reached the castle. Then they went to the Princess's room. Bernard spoke first. He said, "I wish that I may win the Princess' hand." Then William said, "I wish that the Princess loved me." Then Michael said, "It is now my turn," but the brothers said, "You can't make a clever wish, you blockhead!" But the Princess said that she would like to hear what he had to say, so Michael said, "I wish that all the wishes I wish would come true." Then the Princess said that she would marry Michael because he had made the cleverest wish. Then they were married and they lived happily ever after. The two other brothers were so ashamed that they went away from the country and I have not heard of them since.

THE PROUD KING WHO CAME TO GRIEF.



ONCE upon a time there was a king. He was very proud and thought he was the greatest man in the world. He thought he was so much greater than the other people, that he would not let them touch him. They used little magic sticks when they dressed and undressed him or other things like that.

The King made a rule that if anyone touched him once, he would become the second highest person in the country. If any one touched the King twice they would be as high as the King. The King did not want any one to be as high as that.

One day the King became very sick. The people sent for a doctor from a foreign land. When the doctor came he started to give the King a treatment. He touched the King twice. The King said, "Take your hands off of me." "Why," said the doctor, "am I hurting you?" The king said, "No, that it not why, I thought you knew that you are not to touch me, me, the greatest King in the world." "I have to do it so I can give you the treatments that will make you better," said the doctor.

"I will have no treatments if you must touch me," said the King. Then the doctor said, "You must die if it is the case that you will not have any treatments."

Soon the King died. Then the doctor became King, because he had touched the King twice.

BABES WINS.



THE Hillard College girls were planning to race the Dover College girls in swimming.

The ones who had entered on the race list were Bernice Earllander (Babes for short), Jean Foster, Anna Kirk, and Joan Lear. These were from Hillard. The ones from Dover were Betty Green, Lily Hunts, Ray Jones and Flora Caines. Both colleges were hard at work practicing for the race. The two best swimmers were Babes and Betty.

At last the great day came. A great crowd was there. The swimmers were to swim one-quarter of a mile. A minute or two before the pistol went off, Babes said to one of her friends, who was not in the race, "I've been nervous all day, I'm just not going to swim, Dorothy." "You must," said Dorothy. We all depend on you. You are the best swimmer in the whole race. Just then the pistol went off. Dorothy gave Babes a push and sent her into the water.

Babes knew now that she could not turn back. She must swim her best. There were many shouts on shore. Some were for one team, some for the other. At first they were about even. Then some of them slackened their speed. The only ones ahead were Babes and Betty.

There were many cheers from the shore for both of them, but most for Babes. She was ahead of Betty getting near the winning post when she began to get dizzy and sick. She wished to swim slower and rest, but she must not. If she did her side would lose. Betty was catching up with her. She put all her strength into her arms and legs. Then swam as hard as she could. At last she reached the winning post—just before Betty.

Some one threw a towel over her. Some one put flowers into her arms. Everyone was shouting, "Hurrah for Babes."

THE LAND OF FAR AWAY.



ONCE around the time of Washington, there lived a little boy named Jan. He had been sold into slavery when quite a small boy and remembered nothing of his parents. At first he was sold to a kind master, who did not make his slaves work very hard. After a while this kind master died. Jan was sold again. But this master was not kind. He made his slaves work doubly as hard as Jan's old master had done.

Jan was a hearty able bodied little fellow. He could do more work than the other people. His master seeing this, made him work harder. Jan did not like this. He knew if he kept working so hard that he would lose his strength.

Jan began to get pale and thin from so much work. One day Jan was very tired and hungry. He did not feel well enough to work. But his master made him work. At noon when the other slaves went to eat their scanty dinner, Jan did not go with them. He stayed in the field where he was working. When everyone was out of sight, Jan ran away.

Jan ran into the woods. He walked on and on. By and by he met a fairy. The fairy said, "Why are you here in this wood?"

Jan told the fairy of his life. "I am going to the land of Far Away." "Would you like to come with me, it seems that you have no home," said the Fairy. "I would love to go with you," said Jan. "Come along," said the fairy.

Jan and the fairy walked on and on until they came to a tree. There was a door in the tree that was locked. The fairy said, "This is the gate to the land of Far Away. I have the key to it." "Open the gate and let us go in," said Jan to the fairy. "Not yet," said the fairy. "First you must tell me what that sign above the door says."

Jan thought this would be easy as he knew how to read. But when he looked at it, it looked like a jumble of letters. Jan did not know how to read it. Finally Jan said, "May I have a mirror?" The fairy said a magic word and a mirror appeared on the ground before Jan. He picked it up and held it up before the sign. Then he looked in it and saw it said, "The Land of Far Away."

Jan told the fairy what he had seen. The fairy said it was right. She turned the lock in the tree. Being a fairy she knew what the sign said right away.

Jan and the fairy went in the gate and lived happily in the Land of Far Away ever after.

April 16, 1920.

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

SCENE ONE.

Place: Cozy mouse hole.

When: At twelve o'clock.

CHARACTERS.

G. Father Mouse.

Young Mouse.

Owl.

G.F.M. It is twelve o'clock, for I hear the old clock in the dining room strike.

Y.M. I would like to hear the old clock strike.

G.F.M. No, you must never go there. If you heard it strike you would be frightened.

(All is quiet for a few minutes.)

G.F.M. Let us go into the dining room and see if there are any cracker or cheese crumbs left.

Y.M. But you said when the clock strikes, it would scare me.

G.F.M. The clock will not strike for an hour.

Y.M. All right, now I know I will not be frightened. But I just the same like to hear the clock strike.

G.F.M. You must never go near the clock when it strikes.

Y.M. But just the same I want to hear it strike.

G.F.M. I tell you do not go near that clock when it strikes. You must always stay at home like a good mouse. Only when you must go for your dinner, that is different.

Y.M. But I want to go and hear the clock strike.

G.F.M. Tut-tut, my child. Do not be so venturesome, for in time you will come to harm.

Y.M. I wa—

G.F.M. No more. Let us go now and find our food.

They creep out of the mouse hole and run off the stage.

SCENE TWO.

The corner of a dining room, with an old clock and a window. An owl is sitting on a bench outside the window.

Owl Hickory, Dickery dock.

(In comes the Grandfather mouse and the young mouse.)

G.F.M. There's the clock.

Y.M. It is very big. It must be fun to hear that big clock strike. I'm going to wait till it strikes.

G.F.M. I am telling you for the last time, you are not going to stay till the clock strikes. Now hunt for your food.

(They begin to hunt around. Every once in a while they find some food and they sit down and eat it.)

G.F.M. Come, let us go for it is near one. Then the clock will strike again and we will be frightened.

(Grandfather Mouse runs out of the dining room but the young mouse hides behind the clock. The young mouse comes out from his hiding place.)

Y.M. Now I can stay and hear the clock strike.

(He dances in great joy.)

Owl Now I will go and hunt for field mice to eat.

Y.M. I am glad I don't live in the fields or the owls might eat me up. What is that I hear? Why, it is the cat.

(The mouse runs up the clock.)

Y.M. That was lucky. I will stay up here till the clock strikes. Here I am safe from the cat.

(Everything is still for a few minutes. The clock strikes one. The mouse scampers down as fast as he can and bounds out of the room.)

SCENE THREE.

(The same as first scene. G. F. M. is in it alone.)

G.F.M. I know that young one stayed to hear the clock strike. He will be frightened. It will do him good. There it just struck.

(Young Mouse runs in.)

Y.M. (Panting) First the cat scared me, then the clock scared me. You were right. There's no place like home.

(They both run out. The Owl comes in and says the rhyme, Hickory-dickory-dock.)

END.

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